


Why thus enraged, ye tribes profane?

PSALM 2. Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.
The folly of striving against God.

Robert Cooke

This edition by Edmund Gooch
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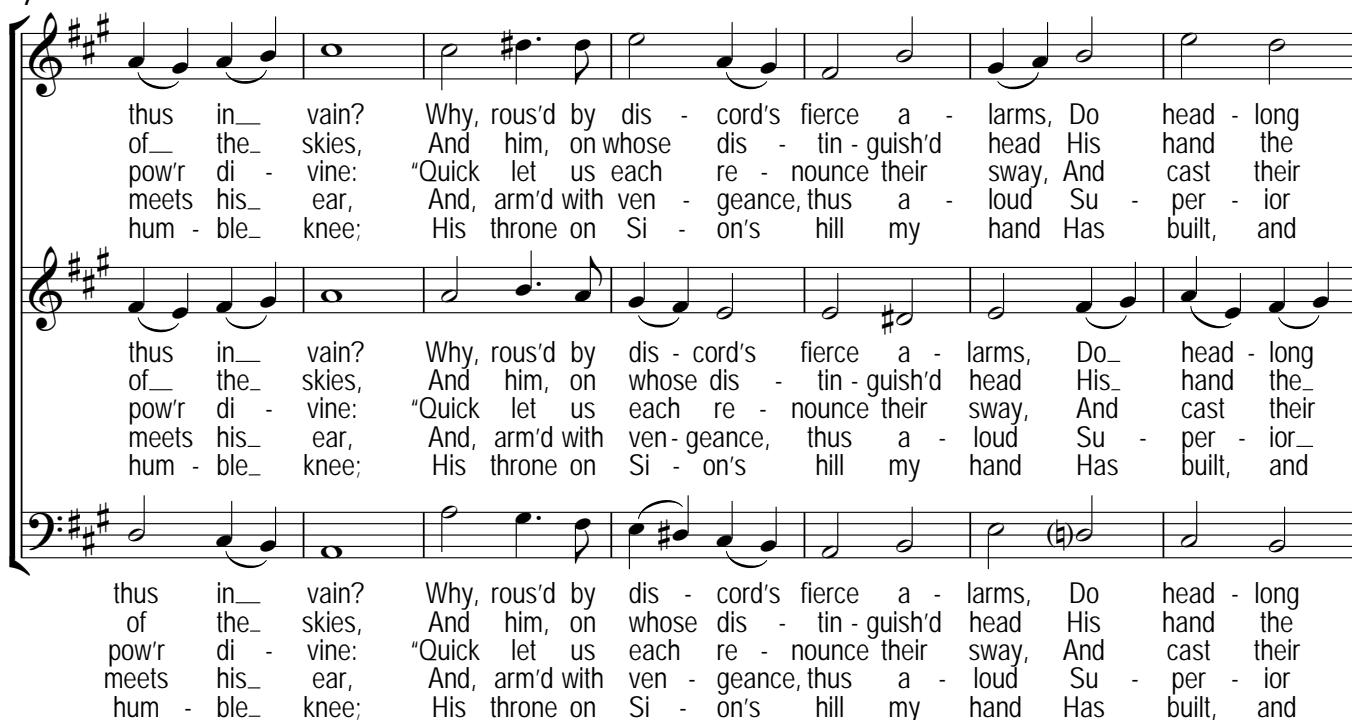


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In fac - tious coun - sels thus they join And vaunt - ing brave the
God from on high their threats shall hear, Laugh as the tu - mult
"Yet, mor - tals, yet your mon - arch see And bow to him the

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7




thus in vain? Why, rous'd by dis - cord's fierce a - larms, Do head - long
of the skies, And him, on whose dis - tin - guish'd head His hand the
pow'r di - vine: "Quick let us each re - nounce their sway, And cast their
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hum - ble knee; His throne on Si - on's hill my hand Has built, and

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14



na - tions rush to arms, do head-long na - tions rush to arms?
sac - red oil has shed, his hand the sac - red oil has shed.
ha - ted bands a - way, and cast their ha - ted bands a - way."
quell the fran - tic crowd, su - per - ior quell the fran - tic crowd:
what I build shall stand, has built, and what I build shall stand."

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Notes:

This setting is attributed 'Rt. Cooke' in the source.

Only the first verse of the five given here is underlaid in the source: the other four are printed after the music and have been underlaid editorially.